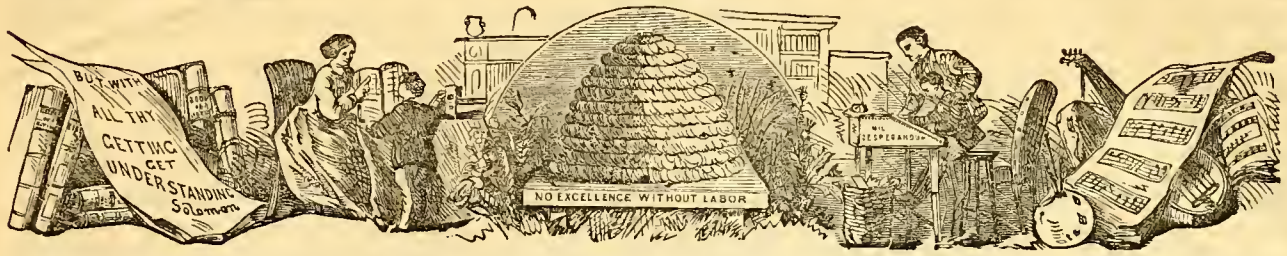


The Juvenile Instructor



VOL 3.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 15, 1868.

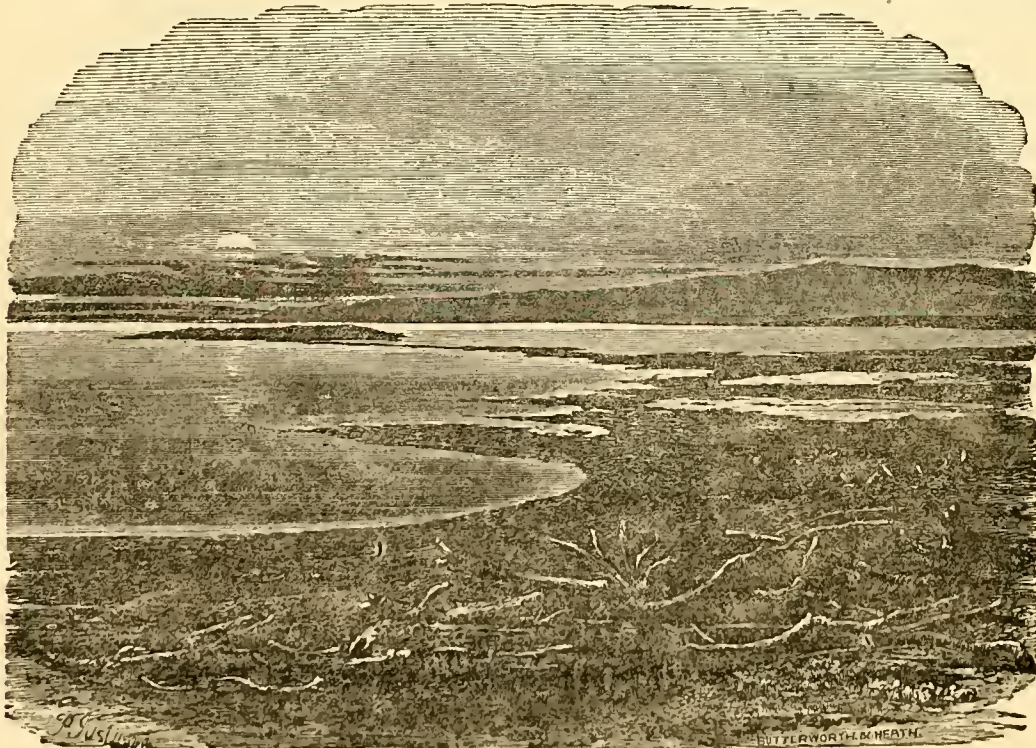
NO. 12.

SCENES NEAR JERUSALEM. THE DEAD SEA.

THE engraving in our last number gave us a distant view of the Dead Sea and surrounding country; to-day we will take a nearer view of its barren shore and bitter waters, and dwell for a short time on its strange history and peculiarities.

Any one who, now-a-days, would venture to travel by himself from Jerusalem to Jericho, would be almost sure to meet with the mishap of the man, whom the Savior speaks of in his parable of the good Samaritan—he would fall among thieves. To avoid so unpleasant an occurrence most travelers

We start from the city about six o'clock in the morning to avoid traveling in the heat of the afternoon. Our road lies across the ravine to the mount of Olives, along its southern slope, past Bethany (the village wherein Lazarus lived, died and was resurrected) and along the road that once led to Jericho—we say once, for to day there is no trace remaining of that mighty city. Our road is a very rough one, along the rocky beds of the mountain torrents, while rugged precipices rise all around us. Here and there we pass a small patch of



on this road hire a Bedouin sheik or chief to see them safely through. He with one or two of his wild Arab followers escorts the party to their journey's end. It being he, or some of his tribe, who would, most probably, be the very ones to pillage the travelers did they not thus buy their protection. Our journey lies, part of the way, on this same road, and wishing to reach the shores of the sea in safety we will imagine we have secured the services of these wild but picturesque body guards to take care of us in our travels.

hail cultivated ground, down in some deep valley or perched on some hill slope; but in general, on every side, the country has a dreary, desolate, barren look. Now and then we notice a half-dead looking tree, the only things that relieve our eyes from the glare of the white clayey soil over which we are riding. About eight o'clock we leave the Jericho road, and continue rapidly descending until we reach the open waste that borders on the sea; and after a ride of from six to seven hours, from Jerusalem, we reach its desert shores. Here we can rest

and chat about some of the strange things connected with this sea.

None of our little readers who have visited the Great Salt Lake need a very long description of the Dead Sea; they are so much alike. The same dreary, naked, desolate appearance surrounds both. There are those same long stretches of glaring white salt or saleratus beds, that blueish slime or mud, so full of salt, and those same heaps of drift wood, encrusted in a sparkling coat of salt on the borders of both of them. In color and density also the waters much resemble each other. One of the most remarkable things about the Dead Sea is its depression below the level of the sea. Though so short a distance from Jerusalem it is more than three thousand five hundred feet below it, or a little more than thirteen hundred and twelve feet below the level of the Mediterranean. What is more strange, the Red Sea to the south of it, and the lake of Tiberias to the north, between which it lies, are neither of them far from the ordinary level of the ocean. None of the learned have been able to explain this strange circumstance, but ascribe it to some great convulsion of nature in the early days of the world's history, of which they have no record. You can well imagine how sultry, stagnant and oppressive must be the atmosphere of such a deep trough in as warm and dry a climate as that of Palestine!

The length of this sea from north to south, has been stated by those who have explored it as being from thirty-five to forty-eight miles. Its extreme breadth from east to west is from seven to eleven miles. If you will look at a map of Palestine, you will notice towards the southern end of this sheet of water a promontory jutting out from its eastern shore, nearly dividing it into two unequal parts. This is called by the Arabs "the Tongue." To the south of this tongue the water never exceeds thirteen feet in depth; but to the north of it, it is as many hundreds. Explorers not being very sure they touched the bottom at thirteen hundred feet. This is another of the curiosities of this strange sea.

This sheet of water has been known by a great variety of names. In Holy writ it is called "the East Sea," "the Salt Sea," "the Sea of the Plain." By the ancients it was known as Lake Asphaltites. The pilgrims named it "the Sea of Death" and "the River of Devils." To the Arabs it is "the Sea of Lot," and is now generally known as "the Dead Sea."

This last name, we presume, was given it from the idea that nothing lived in its waters or dwelt on its shores. Modern travelers have proved this idea to be incorrect, as they have seen ducks swim on its surface, and swallows, snipe, partridges and other birds fly over it, while hares and gazelles live on its banks. Indeed it is said that a species of coral insect lives and works in its salt waters. By the way, we must not forget to tell you how very salt these waters are. In the waters of the ocean, about one part in every twenty-five is salt. In the Dead Sea a little over a quarter of the whole is mineral salt, or, to be exact, twenty-six and a half per cent. These mineral salts give the water a nauseous, acrid, pungent taste, which stings the tongue and palate; while those who bathe in it feel, when they come out, as if they had been bathing in oil mixed with some slimy or glutinous fluid, leaving a nasty, clammy, greasy feeling which only a fresh water bath will remove. Besides salt, nitre, sulphur, pumice stone and asphaltum are found in its vicinity.

The first person, as far as we know, who launched a boat upon this sea met with a miserable end. He was an Irish traveler, named Costigan, visiting the Holy land in 1835. Through some mismanagement his fresh water gave out when he was far to the south. The heat was intense, he and his Maltese servant had to row hard in the burning sunshine for two or three days to reach the northern end of the lake; but

before they reached the shore, Costigan had received his death stroke. Since then several officers of the United States and British naval services have explored these waters, the result of their researches being pretty much the same. Our view represents the northern part of the sea, near to where the Jordan pours its waters into it.

Towards the south west corner of the lake is a pillar of salt about 40 feet high. This is said to be the one into which Lot's wife was changed when she looked back longingly on the sinful city she had just escaped from. For near here is the traditional site, of "the cities of the plain"—Sodom and her sister cities—that God destroyed in the days of Abraham with fire from heaven, as their wickedness had reached to such a pitch that His mercy had no further claim upon them. Not only were they destroyed, but the country around them was cursed because of their evil deeds. And a traveler now viewing the naked, salt encrusted shores, and the leaden looking waters they enclose, can scarcely imagine the time when, as in the days of Lot, the valley rivaled in its beauty and fertility "the garden of the Lord;" or was "like the land of Egypt" in its productiveness. Yet, no doubt, it was so, and their present desert state should be a lesson to all men and nations to cease from sinning, lest they provoke the anger of the Lord and a worse thing come upon them than fell upon Sodom and Gomorrah. G. R.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

BORN 1599; DIED 1658.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORN.

MEANWHILE King James and his nobles were feasting with Sir Oliver in the great hall. The king sat in the gilded chair under a canopy, at the head of a long table. Whenever any of the company addressed him, it was with the deepest reverence. If the attendants offered him wine, or any of the various delicacies of the festival, it was upon their bended knees. You would have thought, by these tokens of worship, that the monarch was a supernatural being; only he seemed to have quite as much need of those vulgar matters, food and drink, as any other person at the table. But fate had ordained that good King James should not finish his dinner in peace.

All at a sudden, there arose a terrible uproar in the room where the children were at play. Angry shouts and shrill cries of alarm were mixed up together, while the voices of elder persons were heard trying to restore order among the children. The king and everybody else at the table looked aghast; for perhaps the tumult made them think that a general rebellion had broken out.

"Mercy on us!" muttered Sir Oliver, "that graceless nephew of mine is in some mischief or other; the naughty little whelp!"

Getting up from the table, he ran to see what was the matter; followed by many of the guests and the king among them.

On looking in, they beheld the little prince Charles, with his rich dress all torn, and covered with the dust of the floor. His royal blood was streaming from his nose in great abundance. He gazed at Noll with a mixture of rage and affright, and at the same time a troubled expression, as if he could not understand how any mortal boy should give him a beating.

As for Noll, there stood his ugly little figure, bold as a lion, looking as if he were ready to fight not only the little prince, but the king and the kingdom too.

"You little villain!" cried his uncle, "what have you been about? Down on your knees this minute, and ask the

prince's pardon. How dare you lay hands on the king's majesty's royal son?"

"He struck me first," grumbled the valiant little Noll; "and I've only given him his due."

Sir Oliver and the guests lifted up their hands in astonishment and horror. No punishment seemed severe enough for this wicked little varlet, who had dared to resent a blow from the king's only son. Some of the courtiers were of opinion that Noll should be sent prisoner to the Tower of London, and brought to trial for high treason. Others in their zeal for the king's service, were about to lay hands on the boy and chastise him in the royal presence.

But King James, who sometimes showed a great deal of sagacity, ordered them to desist.

"Thou art a noble boy," said he, looking fixedly at little Noll; "and if ye live to be a man, my son Charlie would do well to be friends with thee."

"I never will!" cried the little prince, stamping his foot.

"Peace! Charlie, peace!" said the king. Then, addressing Sir Oliver and the attendants: "Harm not the urchin, for he has taught my son a good lesson, if Heaven does but give him grace to profit by it. Hereafter, should he be tempted to tyrannize over the stubborn race of Englishmen, let him remember little Noll Cromwell and his own bloody nose."

So the king finished his dinner and departed, and for many a long year the childish quarrel between Prince Charles and Noll Cromwell was forgotten. The prince, indeed, might have lived a happier life, and met a more peaceful death, had he remembered that quarrel, and the moral which his father drew from it. But, when old King James was dead, and Charles sat upon the throne, he seemed to forget that he was but a man, and that his meanest subjects were men as well as he. He wished to have the property and lives of the people of England entirely at his own disposal. But the Puritans, and all who loved liberty, rose against him and beat him in many battles, and pulled him down from the throne.

When the dethroned monarch was brought to trial, that warlike leader sat in the judgment hall. Many judges were present beside himself; but he alone had the power to save King Charles, or to doom him to the scaffold. After sentence was pronounced, the victorious general was entreated by his own children, on their knees, to rescue his majesty from death.

"No!" said he, sternly, "better that one man should perish, than the whole country should be ruined for his sake. It is resolved that he shall die. When Charles, no longer a king, was led to the scaffold, his great enemy stood at a window of the royal palace at Whitehall. He beheld the poor victim of pride, and an evil education, and misused power, as he laid his head upon the block. He looked on with steadfast gaze, while a black-veiled executioner lifted the fatal ax and smote off the anointed head at a single blow.

"It is a righteous deed," perhaps he said to himself. "Now Englishmen may enjoy their rights."

At night, when the body of Charles was laid in the coffin, in a gloomy chamber, the general entered, lighting himself with a torch. Its gleam showed that he was now growing old; his visage was scarred with many battles in which he led the van; his brow was wrinkled with care, and with the continual exercise of stern authority. Probably there was not a single trait, either of aspect or manner, that belonged to the little Noll, who had battled so stoutly with Prince Charles. Yet this was he.

He lifted the coffin-lid and caused the light of his torch to fall upon the dead monarch's face. Then probably his mind went back over all the marvelous events that had brought the hereditary king of England to this dishonored coffin, and raised himself, an humble individual, to the possession of kingly

power. He was a king, though without the empty title or glittering crown.

"Why was it," said Cromwell to himself—or might have said—as he gazed at the pale features in the coffin, "why was it the great king fell, and that poor Noll Cromwell has gained all the power of the realm?"

And, indeed, why was it?

King Charles had fallen, because, in his manhood, the same as when a child, he disdained to feel that every human creature was his brother. He deemed himself a superior being, and fancied that his subjects were created only for a king to rule over. And Cromwell rose, because, in spite of his many faults, he mainly fought for the rights and freedom of his fellow-men; and, therefore, the poor and the oppressed all lent their strength to him.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

CATECHISM

ON THE HISTORY OF THE INDIANS.

71. What did they try to do to Nephi?

Kill him.

72. What did the Lord tell Nephi to do?

Take his family and go into a distant part of the country.

73. Did he do so?

Yes.

74. Who went with him, besides his wife and children?

Zoram and his family, Sam, Nephi's elder brother, and his family, Jacob and Joseph, his younger brethren, his sisters, and all who would go with him.

75. What were the descendants of Nephi, and those who went with him, called?

Nephites.

76. What were the descendants of those who stayed with Laman and Lemuel called?

Lamanites.

77. Were the Lamanites wicked?

Yes.

78. Did they make war on the Nephites?

Yes.

79. For about how many years?

One thousand.

80. Did the Nephites finally become very wicked?

Yes.

81. Did the Lamanites finally succeed in killing nearly all of them.

Yes.

82. How long after the resurrection of Jesus Christ did this awful war take place?

About 400 years.

Whom have the present American Indians descended from?

The Lamanites.

A GOOD MOTHER.—A little girl five years old was one evening very rude and noisy, when visiting with her mother at a neighbor's house. The mother said, "Sarah, you must not do so." The child soon forgot, and went on with her bad behavior. The mother said, "Sarah, if you do so again, I will punish you;" but not long after, Sarah did so again. When the time for going home arrived, the child began to think of the punishment that awaited her, with great sorrow. A woman beside her said, to quiet her, "Never mind, I will ask your mother not to punish you." "Oh," said Sarah, "that will do no good; my mother never tells lies."

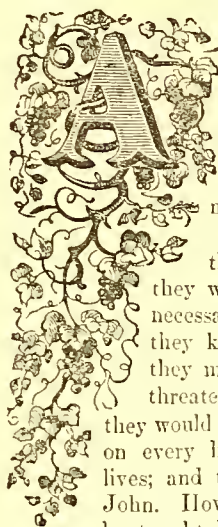
LET the youth who stands with a glass of liquor in his hand consider which he had better throw away—the liquor or himself.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, : EDITOR.

JUNE 15, 1868.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



VERY important truth was taught by Jesus unto his disciples when he said, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

He wished his disciples to understand that the Lord watched over them and that they were the creatures of His care. It was necessary that they should know this. Unless they knew that God was watching over them, they might get frightened when their enemies threatened them. Jesus was aware of what they would have to meet. They would have enemies on every hand. Those enemies would seek their lives; and they would, finally, kill all of them but John. How necessary, then, it was that they should be taught beforehand that the very hairs of their heads were numbered, and that they were of more value than many sparrows. God watches over the birds, the animals, and every thing there is on the earth and in the water. Birds have no barns or granaries, yet God feeds and takes care of them. So he does of man.

Man is the child of God, and is of far greater worth in His sight than the birds and the animals. He has placed him to be at their head and to rule over them. Man can kill birds, animals and fish, when he needs their meat, and he can eat them, and the Lord does not condemn him for so doing. They are placed on the earth for man's use and benefit. This proves that God places a higher value upon man than he does upon birds, beasts and fishes. If a sparrow can not fall to the ground without being noticed by our Father who is in Heaven, it is very plain that He knows everything that happens to children. They should have no fear in times of trouble and difficulty; but should trust in God, who has numbered the very hairs of their heads. He sees them; He knows their wants. If they do not have such things as suit them, He is aware of it; and if they are things that would be good for them, and they ask Him, they will receive them. If they are sick, or in trouble, the Lord knows all about it, and when they cry unto Him He hears them, and will answer them.

This knowledge should make children very happy. No person in this Church should ever be unhappy, unless he or she has committed sin. Where there has been sin committed, then there should be sorrow and repentance. It is not God's desire to see people miserable. Why should they be sorrowful, unhappy, or miserable? If He will not suffer a hair of their heads to fall without it being missed, and they do right, what have they to fear? He will not suffer anything to happen to them but what will be for their good.

Children, be happy. Do not think that God does not notice or care for you. He does. He loves you with great and undying love; for you are his children. Put your trust in Him always, and he will deliver you. There is a great difference in the disposition of children. Some are always cheerful, while

others are sad and gloomy. Children can change their dispositions if they try. They can encourage bad temper until they become very cross and disagreeable, and be able to fly into a passion in a minute, or they can encourage a sweet temper and a peaceful disposition. They can be gloomy and low-spirited, or they can be cheerful and joyous. Remember, children, that happiness lies within your reach, and that it depends upon yourselves whether you enjoy it or not.

A BAD habit, which boys and girls, but especially the former, often acquire, is that of using improper, and inelegant language. The use of slang phrases and nicknames is very common among boys at play. It is with reference to the habit of talking slang more particularly that we wish to say a few words to the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. Not that we believe many of them are guilty of the habit; for we are satisfied that they who make a *study* of the principles inculcated within its pages have too much good sense to give way to such vulgarity. Still there may be some who have fallen into this habit, and in hopes of inducing them to forsake it we call their attention to the subject at the present time.

In some old settled countries, boys who spend most of their time in the streets have so far systematized the habit of talking slang that they can converse upon any subject they wish to and be as completely unintelligible to the uninitiated as if they were talking in a foreign tongue. There is little fear that those for whose benefit we write will ever carry it to such an extent as this; but yet a great many of the boys in Utah are in the habit of using slang phrases. How often, when passing along the streets, do we hear the boys mixing in their general conversation such phrases as "you bet," "you git," "you bet your bottom dollar," "bully," "bully boy," "old hoss," "old stiek i' the mud," and numberless other meaningless and vulgar expressions, some of them being too vile to appear on the pages of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. There are others, who are in the habit of frequently using nicknames, such as "Captain," "Colonel," "Bishop," and other titles misapplied quite as ridiculously. This slangy low style of conversation should be guarded against. If it is not watched it will steal on a boy so gradually and imperceptibly, and will become a habit so strong, that he will be almost unconscious of the use or impropriety of such expressions. This habit, when thoroughly acquired in childhood, will be found very difficult to overcome, and will often prove a source of shame and mortification to those guilty of it, as it is one of the strongest proofs of vulgarity and of the lack of proper mental discipline and training. It is positively inadmissible in decent society, and will prove a perpetual bar to the social advancement of him who makes a practice of it. A slang phrase never adds strength to an expression; but is always inelegant and improper. We wish the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to zealously guard against this habit; for however great their attainments in an educational point of view, they will prove of but little avail in promoting their interests in life so long as this habit is indulged in. No true gentleman or lady ever uses nicknames, slang phrases or language in the least tinged with profanity. Upon those who have fallen into any of these discreditable habits, we urge the necessity of continual watchfulness until it is thoroughly overcome; and if this little article should lead any to reformation and victory in this particular they will, in days to come, feel very glad that they ever obtained possession of this number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

ELDER Geo. Farnworth writes us from Mount Pleasant under date of May 18th. He informs us that the day previous the Sunday School at that place held their anniversary. There were three hundred children present, who went through

their examination very creditably, reciting numerous pieces as well as answering a great number of questions from Elder Jaques' catechism for children. Elder Hans P. Miller is the superintendent of the school, and is assisted by twenty teachers, who take a great interest in their labors. Having the welfare of their little charges at heart, the teaching of them is a labor of love, and results in the rapid progress of the little ones in their studies.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

READING.

READING is among the many pleasures* that are enjoyed in this world. This pleasure might be enjoyed by every one. As soon as children have a taste for this exercise, many an hour can be employed profitably. A great field of variety is before them. History, geography, grammar, botany, mechanics, logic, law, and an almost endless variety of amusement and profit, is at their disposal.

By reading the Bible we are made acquainted with the early settlers of the earth, and with the deluge. It is a good thing for every child to read the Bible. The Book of Mormon is an interesting record—the oldest history of America that is known. It contains a brief account of the people of Jared, who came from the Tower of Babel; of the Nephites and Lamanites, and others who emigrated from Palestine to this country. The Book of Covenants also contains many items of interest to Latter-day Saints.

Besides these sacred records, there are histories of Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, Greece, Rome, Egypt, Carthage, France, Germany, Great Britain and nearly every other nation ancient and modern, that may be perused with advantage and profit. Biographies, or histories of persons, are very interesting. For instance: the history of Benjamin Franklin, or George Stephenson, or Harrison, the inventor of chronometers, or Napoleon, who was first a soldier, then consul, then emperor, and lastly an exile. The career of Mahomet is full of interest, whether as a founder of religion or as a conquerer. His life was chequered, but he founded a faith that millions of people believe in at the present day.

Mormonism furnishes a brilliant piece of history, starting from a unit, without funds or popularity, and with ideas different from most civilized nations, it teaches us domestic government, and enters into improved methods for gaining health and long life, and lays the foundation for increasing good to all mankind.

There are some kinds of reading that do no good—paltry novels, and indecent books with obscene pictures. But everything that improves the mind, that teaches us morality and usefulness is good. It is good to read books on agriculture, building and arithmetic; also newspapers containing the current news of the day. If this source of enjoyment is desired it is within the reach of all in almost all countries.

By the children of Latter-day Saints, the history of Joseph Smith should be read with care, and the information imparted should be treasured up. It contains items of golden worth that should be as household words to all our juveniles. Never will our youth have a better time of gaining knowledge from books than in the morning of life, when the mind is fresh and clear, and free from many of the responsibilities that will come upon them in after life.

WM.

THE perfumes of a thousand roses die but the pain caused by one of their thorns remains long after. A saddened remembrance in the midst of mirth is like that thorn among the roses.

Uncle Gregory's Visit.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

VISIT XXIV.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

[CONTINUED.]

GOING to his employment he thought it would be more honest to inform his employers of his contemplated journey, so that they might obtain another man to fill his place. The realities of his position now forced themselves upon him, and, in spite of himself, he could not but feel that he was taking a very important step. He had as good a situation as he could wish for. By industry and economy he had amassed sufficient to emigrate himself and family nearly seven thousand miles. He had no wish to leave his native land and go into the wilderness of America, except to obey the commands of God. Might he not be deceived? Was he justified in taking his family from comparative ease, to place them where they would have to endure the toils and dangers of a new country? The perils of the journey, and dangers by sea and land, flitted across his fruitful imagination, in a manner he had never before experienced. He examined himself and the evidences he had of the truth of the religion he had embraced. He breathed a silent prayer to the Father of his spirit for wisdom and guidance. His faith and baptism, the peace and joy that prevailed in his soul; his confirmation and the light, wisdom and intelligence upon heavenly principles and the plan of salvation, that had been revealed to him through the agency of the Holy Spirit; the gift of healing; the influence of the Holy Spirit in preaching the principles of truth, and the many direct answers to prayer, all flashed through his mind, and the comforting influence of the Spirit of truth sustained him. Who knew the secret struggle that was within his breast? Our Father in Heaven, who knows our secret thoughts, our hopes and fears, the warfare by which we are tested. These struggles are the secret experience of communion with the Spirit of God. Little maidens, in the noble life that lies before you, you will experience that your happiest hours will be when in communion with the Holy Spirit.

Papa reached his employer's calm and determined. He met one of the principals of the firm, and told him he intended to emigrate to America. His employer endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose, and told him he was very well satisfied with him, and that no such good workman need ever go abroad to better his condition. His reply was, that it was not to better his condition, but to fulfill the commandments of God. His employer expressed surprise that he, who seemed in every other way a sensible man, should be so deceived, and so simple as to become the dupe of religious fanatics. He thought there was too much education and enlightenment in this age to believe that God would speak through prophets or in any way command men through them. He said he had lived many years upon the earth, and had had some experience in these matters, and referred to many sects that had sprung up with very great pretensions, but had dwindled into foolish monuments of the credulity of mankind on religious matters.

Papa quietly bore his testimony to the truth of the restoration of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and expressed his determination to gather with the Israel of God. His employer listened to him very patiently, and regarded him with a curious expression of countenance, for it was a singular thing to him, that a man

in his calm senses should throw up a first class situation and take his family into the mountains of Utah, believing that God had commanded him to do so. He told him he hoped he would think better of it, and said he knew the human mind was very capable of being deceived, especially upon religious affairs; and he warned him not only for his sake, but for the sake of his wife and children, to consider well what he was doing, and not take a step that he might regret all the rest of his life.

Papa went to his work, determined in his own mind, but feeling the influence of the conversation with his employer. He knew that his employer looked upon him as a poor, weak, foolish-minded man, for men of the world regard men who belong to any dissenting body as rather weak-minded men. And although he knew that he had found "the pearl of great price," he was powerless to do anything but bear his testimony in justification of the course he was taking. The people of the world often judge by appearances. They think, because they see a number of people leaving their native land, testifying that God has commanded them, that they are religious dupes; for since the days of Jesus Christ there have been many pretended prophets, who have led astray foolish people. Consequently, now, when Jesus Christ has ushered in the dispensation of the fulness of times, and his disciples receive the evidences of its truth, the cry of "false prophets" is raised, and those who bow in obedience to the commandments of God are looked upon with contempt.

Papa felt this, for he was a sensible man, and understood human nature and its prejudices; but he had a duty to perform; he had evidences that others had not; and he was bound to live to the higher law and fulfill the mission that the providences of God had opened up before him.

(To be Continued.)

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.



N the days of Joseph to appear like a prophet according to the popular idea, a man should wear a long beard, long hair, and dress in an outlandish style. If he did not wash himself and clean and pare his nails, it would be all the better. He should not smile and be merry. When he spoke, his voice should be deep and solemn; when he walked, his tread should be slow and measured. If he lived in a cave, it would suit many people better than if he lived in a house. He should be different to other men in every respect. Of course, those who had these ideas of what a prophet should be, were much disappointed in Joseph, for if a prophet should talk, dress and act in this manner, he was very unlike one. He wore no beard, did not have long hair, was very cleanly in his person, dressed with taste, had a pleasant face, a sweet smile, a cheerful and joyous manner, and was natural. He was the very opposite of what a religious bigot would think a prophet ought to be; and he never took any pains to be otherwise. He was a great hater of sham. He disliked long-faced hypocrisy, and

numerous stories are told of his peculiar manner of rebuking it. He knew that what many people call sin is not sin, and he did many things to break down superstition. He would wrestle, play ball, and enjoy himself in physical exercises, and he knew that he was not committing sin in so doing. The religion of Heaven is not to make men sorrowful, to curtail their enjoyment and to make them groan and sigh and wear long faces; but to make them happy. This Joseph desired to teach the people; but in doing so, he, like our Savior when he was on the earth, was a stumbling-block to bigots and hypocrites. They could not understand him; he shocked their prejudices and traditions. A great change has taken place in the feelings of the world on these subjects since his death. The course taken by Latter-day Saints, with their teachings, have had the effect of helping to bring about this change. We prove to the world that we can dance and have other amusements, and yet be happy and free from sin. The strong blows which Joseph dealt to sectarianism and sham were felt, and good effects have followed.

Joseph labored incessantly in various ways to advance the cause. Looking after the general business of the Church, receiving revelations, translating, preaching and writing letters, kept him constantly busy. He commenced the translation of the Book of Abraham, which he published in the *Times and Seasons*. He also counseled the sisters to form an organization to be known as "The Female Relief Society of Nauvoo." The Saints exerted themselves to build the Temple, and private dwellings arose in every quarter of the city. Those were busy days, and the people had in Joseph's energy and industry an example worthy of imitation. Under the date of the 4th of May, 1842, we find the following recorded:

"I spent the day in the upper part of the Store, * * * in council with General James Adams of Springfield, Patriarch Hyrum Smith, Bishops Newel K. Whitney and George Miller, and Presidents Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards, instructing them in the principles and order of the Priesthood, attending to washings, anointings, endowments, and the communication of the Keys of the Aaronic Priesthood, and so on to the highest order of the Melchisedec Priesthood, setting forth to the order pertaining the Ancient of Days, and all those plans and principles by which any one is enabled to secure the fulness of those blessings which have been prepared for the Church of the First Born, and come up and abide in the presence of the Eloheim in the eternal worlds. In this Council was instituted the ancient order of things for the first time in these last days. And the communications I made to this Council were of things spiritual, and to be received only by the spiritual minded: and there was nothing made known to these men, but what will be made known to all the Saints of the last days; so soon as they are prepared to receive, and a proper place is prepared to communicate them, even to the weakest of the Saints; therefore let the Saints be diligent in building the Temple, and all houses which they have been, or shall hereafter be commanded of God to build; and wait their time with patience in all meekness, faith and perseverance unto the end, knowing assuredly that all these things referred to, in this Council, are always governed by the principle of revelation."

And under the date of the next day, the 5th of May, he recorded:

"General Adams started for Springfield, and the remainder of the Council of yesterday, continued their meeting at the same place, and myself and brother Hyrum received in turn from the other, the same I had communicated to them the day previous."

On the 17th of May the Nauvoo Legion was on parade and was reviewed by Joseph. Judge Stephen A. Douglas was

holding court at the time at Carthage; but there was so much curious excitement prevailing respecting this military parade and review that he adjourned the Circuit Court. He and some of the principal lawyers came to Nauvoo for the occasion. There were a large number of strangers present. After the review the generals and their staffs, with their wives, and Judge Douglas and his friends, dined at Joseph's house. In the afternoon the Legion was separated into cohorts, and fought an animated sham battle. In relation to this sham battle, and John C. Bennett's conduct on that occasion in regard to himself, Joseph writes as follows:

"I was solicited by General Bennett to take command of the first Cohort during the sham battle; this I declined. General Bennett next requested me to take my station in the rear of the cavalry, without my staff, during the engagement; but this was counteracted by Captain A. P. Rockwood, Commander of my Life Guards, who kept close to my side, and I chose my own position. And if General Bennett's true feelings towards me are not made manifest to the world in a very short time, then it may be possible, that the gentle breathings of that Spirit, which whispered me on parade, that 'there was mischief concealed in that sham battle,' were false; a short time will determine the point. Let John C. Bennett answer at the day of judgment, 'Why did you request me to command one of the Cohorts, and also take my position without my Staff, during the sham battle, on the 7th of May, 1842, where my life might have been the forfeit and no man have known who did the deed?'"

How correct Joseph's conclusions were respecting Bennett our readers will learn as we proceed. His true feelings towards Joseph were manifested to the world in a very short time, and the gentle breathings of the Spirit were proved to be true.

TRUE COURAGE AND BENEVOLENCE.

"A cheerful word of sympathy
May scatter clouds away.
One little act performed in life,
Turns darkness into day."

ON a warm summer afternoon a lazy breeze stole through the windows of a hot district school-house, lifting the white curtains, and rustling the leaves of the copy-books that lay on the desks. Thirty or forty scholars of all ages were bending over their writing, quiet and busy; the voice of the master, as he passed about among the writers, was the only sound. But though silent, this little hot school-room had its heroes and heroines as certainly as the wider sphere of life.

The bell rings for the writing to be laid by; and now comes the last exercise of the day, the spelling, in which nearly all the school join. At the head of the class is a delicate little girl, in a blue dress, whose bright eyes and attentive air show that she prizes her place and means to keep it.

Presently a word, which had passed all the lower end of the class, came to Eunice. The word was privilege. "P-r-i-v-priv-i, privi, l-e-g-e-lege, privilege," spelled Eunice. But the teacher, vexed with the mistake at the other end of the class, misunderstood her, and and passed it. The little girl looked amazed; the bright color came into her cheeks, and she listened eagerly to the next person, who spelled it as she had done.

"Right," said the teacher, "take your place."

"I spelled it so," whispered Eunice to herself, tears springing to her eyes as she passed down. But, too timid to speak to the master, she remained in her place, inwardly determined to get up again.

But her trials were not yet over. Many expedients were tried in the school to keep out the arch-enemy of the schools—whispering. At length the following was adopted. The first whisperer stood upon the floor in front of the teacher's desk. Here he acted as monitor; when he detected another he took his seat, and the next offender kept a sharp look-out to find some one to take his place; for at the close of the school, the scholar who had the whisperer's place was punished very severely—as the school phrase was, "took a feruling!" This plan appeared to operate very well, every one dreading to be the last on the floor; but though it secured an orderly school, many parents and scholars doubted its justice.

The boy who was on the floor when Eunice lost her place, was an unruly, surly fellow, who had smarted for his faults often before; and as school drew near its close he began to tremble. The instant Eunice's whispered complaint reached his ear, his face brightened up; he was safe now. And when the class was dismissed he said, "Eunice whispered, sir."

Eunice arose, and in a trembling voice related what she had said; but the teacher saw no exense in it, and she was called to take the place of the ungenerous boy who told on her.

Books had been put away, and the waiting school looked on in sorrow as Eunice left her seat to take the dreaded punishment. She was one of the best scholars, bright, faithful, sweet tempered, a general favorite. Every one felt that it was unjust, and many angry glances were directed at the boy who was mean enough to get a little girl whipped. Overcome with shame and fear he stood up by the desk, crying bitterly, while the teacher was preparing to inflict the punishment.

At this moment a tall boy stepped out of his seat, and going to the desk said:

"Are you going to whip Eunice, sir?"

"Yes, I never break my rules," the teacher said.

"We will not see her whipped!" said the boy, in an excited voice. "There is not a boy here, but one, that would see her whipped. Whip me, sir, and keep your rule if you must, but don't touch that little girl."

The master paused; the school looked on tearfully.

"Do you mean to say that you will take the punishment?" asked the teacher.

"I do sir," was the bold reply.

The sobbing little girl was sent to her seat, and without flinching, her friend stood and received the punishment that was to have fallen on her. The school was dismissed, and the boys paid him in admiration and praise for all he had suffered, while the grateful little girl blessed him from her heart for a noble and generous boy, who had saved her from the greatest shame and suffering.

I said the little school had its heroes, and this was one of them. Do you think this conduct admirable?

Now for the moral.

The punishment received by this noble boy was Christ-like; it was one of suffering from his own free will, the punishment that was to have been borne by another.—*Selected.*

"You are made to be kind, generous and magnanimous," says Horace Mann. "If there's a boy in school who has a club-foot, don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a boy in school with ragged clothes, don't talk of rags in his presence. If there's a lame boy in school, assign him some place in the play which does not require much running. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons."

USEFUL children are worth a great deal, though they may be very little.

THE PERSEVERING POOL.

ONCE upon a time there was a little pool, a mere handful of water, glimmering at the foot of a great tree. It was very pleasant staying there, with the bright sun shining upon it morning and evening, and at noon the great boughs overshadowing it. But by and by the little pool grew tired of doing nothing, and determined to be up and busy. It was not discontented, but it knew that somewhere in the great wide world there was work to be done, and deep down in its heart a spring, little voice seemed calling it to begin at once to make a way through the muddy bank that hemmed it in.

"Better stay where you are, little pool," said the tall tree, patronizingly. "Hard times, the world's workers have. You will be much wiser to keep quiet and remain here under my shelter." But the little pool did not think so. "You were made to stay in one place, dear tree," it answered, "to blossom and bear fruit; but God meant me to run away among the hills and valleys, to water the flowers, and give drink to bird and beast; and if I am content to lie here always, in the sunshine and shadow, my work will never be done."

"But," said the old tree, pointing one of its long, green arms across the valley, its leaves all in a flutter at the thought of losing his bright-eyed little companion, "yonder is a great mountain standing right in your path. What will you do when you come to that?"

"Work my way through it," said the little pool, bravely.

"Pretty hard work you'll have of it, too," said the old tree, discouragingly. "Better take my advice, and stay where you are." But the little pool did not hear the last words, for already it was working its way down the hillside, at first very slowly, only a slender rill, but by and by it grew broader, and gained strength, and went rippling over roots and stones, laughing for joy in its new-found freedom. It was pleasant work at first, for the way lay through green fields and valleys; but presently its rapid course was checked by rocks and hills, and scarcely were these conquered, when, straight before it, rose up the giant mountain—the very same of which the old tree had given warning—grim and defiant, gazing down on the silvery stream at its base with a look which seemed to say "Get through me if you can."

But the little pool had now become a strong, broad brook, and was not to be turned back. A long task lay before it, but it went at it bravely, and never stopped until, inch by inch, it had found a channel for itself through the very heart of the granite mountain. Then it went singing on its way, through field and forest, and by and by became a mighty river.

Was not that grand for the little pool? Yet, had it been content to remain in idleness, and afraid to encounter difficulties, it would never have been anything better than a handful of muddy water.

There are some boys and girls in the world for whom this little story has a moral—boys and girls who make mountains of everything in the way of work and study, and, lacking the little pool's perseverance, dare not even try to get through them. If they are content to be idle thus very long, their brains will by and by become mere muddy pools, where not a single bright idea can find a place to sun itself.—*Little Corporal.*

You often say, "How much good I would do with my money, if I were as rich as this man, or the other? How much good do you do now with what you have?" "Oh, if I only had time, what would I not learn!" says another. How do you spend the time you have?

Selected Poetry.

MARBLLES.

BY MRS. SARAH E. HENSHAW.

What pleasant, warm days! I like such as these,
When we can play marbles, down on our knees—
Down on our knees in the dust and the dirt—
No matter for patches—they never hurt!

Our pockets are heavy, but, tis not with gold—
'Tis the marbles that make them so warm and so cold;
Chinies, Stonies and Agates, some large and some small,
Glassies, Alleys, and Boulders, the pride of them all.

Come out on the sidewalk, here in the sun—
Do you play for "keeps" ever? or only for fun?
O never for "keeps" my mother says nay—
"First—second—stake in! You have the first play."

So "plumping and "knuckling," here we begin,
And the marbles roll swiftly, now out and now in—
Eager eyes watch the game—"taws!" soon is the cry,
And "vent!" is the answer, "You judge!" "No not I!"

O there comes a lady, skirts trailing along—
Stop your game! *she* won't care for our marbles a song;
She halts, I declare! she steps out of the way!
Hurrah for *that* lady, forever and aye!

A fellow feels sore when his circle is crossed,
When his game is all spoiled and his marbles are lost;
I'll remember that lady when I am a man,
And do *her* a kindness if ever I can.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

CHARADE.

BY H. FLAMM.

I am composed of 5 letters.
My 4, 2, 3, we all do daily.
My 1, 2, 5, is destructive to life and property.
My 3, 2, 5, is often used as a medicine.
My 3, 4, 2, 5, manifests sorrow.
My whole is necessary to the life of man and beast.

"MOTHER," said a little boy, "I waked up thanking God."
That is waking up *beautifully*. A child waking up so will never come down stairs cross, or find fault with his breakfast.

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Is published in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory,

ON THE FIRST & FIFTEENTH OF EVERY MONTH.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Single Copy, per Annum.....\$3 00
Single Copy, for Six Months..... 1 50

It is expected where agents forward names they will be responsible for the papers thus ordered; and when cash payments are made, they will please forward them with the letter containing the names of the subscribers.

Elder Wm. H. Shearnum, Logan, will act as General Agent for Cache Valley.

Gram brought to this City for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will be received at the office of our paper—DESERET NEWS BUILDINGS.